

## **The Door to Nowhere**

**DoM Case File:** #0092323A: Tottenham Court Road Station Anomaly.

**AKA:** ‘The Door to Nowhere’.

**Status:** Stable (pending review) – Ongoing.

### **Introduction**

The following is a short history of the Tottenham Court Road Station Anomaly, a description of its significance and a request for status upgrade.

### **The anomaly and its discovery**

The anomaly was discovered on January the 3<sup>rd</sup> 2018 by a junior structural engineer named Jacob Clews. Mr Clews was carrying out an audit on an underground portion of the Crossrail development when he discovered an unlabelled, unnumbered door in a staff-only hallway. The door did not exist on the blueprint for the building. It was a single door, steel, laminated, painted mid-green with a single handle and no lock. Mr Clews opened the door (inward) to find an unmarked room that, in his words, held “a large motor engine with drive belts going off into the ceiling and control panels and buttons covered in what looked like Chinese.” The machine was apparently loud yet when the door was closed no sound could be heard from the hallway outside<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Clews also said in his initial interview that he walked a portion of the room and there was no obvious power-source and there wasn't anywhere for the drive belts feeding into the wall and ceiling to go.

Mr Clews showed the door to his immediate manager, Mr Samuel Gorman, and the site foreman, Mr Eric Weir. Upon opening the door a second time, however, instead of an engine the trio found a meadow. “It was warm and sunny. The field was full of flowers. There was a little copse in the distance...”<sup>2</sup>

After passing through police channels, the case was given to the Department of Metaphysics, assigned to Field Agent Yara Lightfoot who began initial containment procedures the following day. Each of the trio was made subject to the Official Secrets Act, however, Agent Lightfoot retained Mr Clews as a delegated assistant.

### **Containment and initial investigation**

The door was immediately reinforced with an acting lock and a standard dual-perimeter guard system. A type-5 D-Notice was applied pre-emptively to the anomaly and web-crawlers set up to intercept any online discussion. Immediate investigations into the circumstances around the door proved unsuccessful. CCTV had not been established for the hallway and searches of site inventory and ledgers showed no indication of where the door came from or who might have fitted it.

That line of inquiry was superseded after initial tests showed noticeable periodic quantum fluctuations and resulting Kant Ray output<sup>3</sup>. This was consistent with the initial encounters and further investigations. The other side of the door was moving coincident with quantum fluctuations, including to underwater locations<sup>4</sup>. This fluctuation occurs somewhere

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2 This is the description given by Mr Weir.

3 The current DoM working model of Kant Radiation is based on quantum theory, suggesting that the wave packet of an object is concurrently radically elongated and compressed and the odds against anomalous behaviour are radically reduced.

4 This is going by remote pressure and temperature indications. Fortunately Messers Clews, Gorman and Weir did not open the door when it was on the bottom of the ocean.

between every thirty minutes to six hours though most commonly it happens around the hour mark.

### **Function of the anomaly and further investigations**

Agents Lightfoot and Clews reopened the door for the first time on January the 8<sup>th</sup> at 12:07pm. Both agents were present to witness and collect data.

The other side of the door appeared to be a desert with mostly flat terrain, a degree of grass and bush vegetation<sup>5</sup>, no trees and no sign of human or animal life. An estimated seven kilometres away was a mountain range, with peaks of around four to six thousand metres high. The temperature was around 36 degrees centigrade, aridity near zero and air pressure low, between 1080-1150mb<sup>6</sup>. Agents Lightfoot and Clews made observations and collected data for twenty minutes before closing the door. They did not set foot in/outside.

Further investigations were conducted in the following three days, one per day.

Environments discovered were:

- 1) A black-sand beach on a volcanic island;
- 2) A narrow mountain pass covered in snow with a set of terrace fields beneath growing an unknown harvest<sup>7</sup> and;
- 3) A cobbled alleyway, in an unknown town or city.

At no point during observations did agents see or encounter any human or animal life forms.

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5 The foliage was described as a reddish-brown, confirmed by pictures and footage taken by Agents Lightfoot and Clews.

6 This suggested the area might have been a dry plateau.

7 The Agents encountered this scenario at night-time.

## **First exploration**

Agent Lightfoot applied for and got permission to use volunteer subjects selected from the prison system for exploration of the anomaly. Permission was granted on January 15<sup>th</sup>. A man named [Redacted], hereafter known as the Subject. The Subject was selected from a crop of three volunteers<sup>8</sup>.

The first exploration took place on January the 17<sup>th</sup>. The Subject was equipped with standard exploration equipment, including basic hazmat overalls, eye-line and body-cameras as well as an ankle bracelet with a GPS tracker. Agent Lightfoot attended the door while Agent Clews monitored data and the camera feed from an office established in a room further down the hallway. Each was in contact with the other via three-way headset radio.

## **Transcript**

Clews: OK, can you hear me?

Lightfoot: Yep.

*Pause.*

Subject: I don't know if...

C: Can you... what about...?

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<sup>8</sup> Selection was based on adapted aptitude and psychological tests for field agents.

Adam Marks

S: Yeah... Got ya... So you want me just to go in, like, this room?

*Body camera comes online – the view is half-head/half-shoulder of Agent Lightfoot.*

L: You have been fully briefed. We won't know what we will encounter until we open the door.

S: And if I do this...?

L: If you cooperate fully you will be granted immediate parole.

*Eye-line camera comes online – the view switches between Lightfoot's face and hips.*

S: I'm still... I'm...

C: Hey [Redacted] can you aim a bit higher?

S: You what?

C: I can see what you're looking at.

S: [Angering] Yeah and how comes I don't have a gun? [Subject looks at Lightfoot's face].

Why don't I come back there and get one, yeah?

L: [Calmly] because *I've* got one.

Adam Marks

S: Yeah, well [stutters – pause] what if...?

L: You don't play ball [shrugs]? You have been briefed, fully briefed. [Pause] Agent Clews, what's it looking like on the other side?

C: It's looking fairly good, Yara... [Lightfoot sighs] Sorry, Agent...

L: Never mind. We're above ground though?

C: As far as I can tell. Above ground... habitable... probably...

S: Probably?

L: [To Subject] It's just twenty minutes, that's all, with a five minute buffer. [Pause] Just follow instructions and you'll be fine. [Pause – To Clews] OK, time?

C: 12:07pm.

L: Right, I'm opening the door.

*Lightfoot opens the door. Both body and eye-cams reveal little beyond pitch-black.*

S: Fuck, you smell that?

Adam Marks

C: I'm not getting anything.

L: Are the cameras not working?

C: I can't see anything. It's too dark.

S: [Looks at Lightfoot's face] Can you smell that? [Lowers gaze slightly].

C: Head up please.

S: [Raises head] What...?

L: My partner's a bit of a White Knight. [Subject still looking at Lightfoot] This is recording. We're recording. We need you to... I should have got a robot crew. [Sighs] Look straight ahead. [Subject looks back through the door] OK, right, just, step inside... Go on. [Subject steps through door]. I'll turn off the light.

S: What?

L: [Testy – imitates Subject] 'Wot...?' You say that a lot, [Redacted] and it doesn't get us very far. I'll turn off the hall light and Agent Clews will adjust the contrast on the feed.

C: What can you see?

S: [Steps forward tentatively] More like what can I *smell*?

Adam Marks

L: I can smell it too. Are you getting any atmospheric readings?

C: Coming in Yar...Agent Lightfoot. Um... seems fairly normal but with a... slightly high level of sulphur.

S: And that's bad?

L: You'll get used to it. It's breathable.

C: I'm adjusting now. What can you guys see?

L: Looks like a forest to me. [Redacted] would you concur?

S: What...? [Breathing slightly heavily] I mean... fuck...!

L: This again. [Sharply] Doesn't that look like a forest?

S: Yeah but... [Glances back at door momentarily].

C: Keep it steady!

*Pause.*

L: It's very quiet... for a forest.

Adam Marks

S: How long has it been?

C: A minute. [Pause] I've got it.

*Camera feed resolves. The very faint outlines of trees appear; dark grey on black.*

L: [To Subject] Here. [Lightfoot hands subject a torchlight]. And don't say 'what...?'

*Subject turns on torchlight. From behind Agent Lightfoot also turns on torchlight. Two beams cast across the scene. Mist appears between the trees. There is about fifteen to twenty metres of visibility.*

S: OK. [Pause] Let's do this. [Walks forward slowly].

C: Please describe what you are seeing.

S: But [deep breath] you can see it, right [another breath]?

*Long pause.*

L: OK, I'll explain it then... a-gain. It's for audio record. We have to...

C: [Interrupting] Uh, yeah, that's, uh... that's right.

Adam Marks

L: But if there's any discrepancies... [Pause] any differences between what you're seeing and...

S: Feels light...

C: [Hastily] How do you mean?

S: I don't know. I can't [deep breath] explain it. [There is a small burst of distortion on the Subject's body camera]

C: Maybe we should...?

L: [Quickly] I can't feel anything.

S: And it still... stinks.

L: What about underfoot?

C: I think... maybe we should be careful...

*Pause.*

L: What are you walking on?

S: [Looks down] I don't know, leaves and shit.

Adam Marks

L: Can you see the 'leaves and shit,' Agent Clews?

C: No, not really.

L: Can you get down in there [Redacted] and have a quick look?

S: OK [Subject bends down slowly].

C: Can you pick one up to, like... show the camera?

*Pause. A hand comes out. Subject fetches a leaf off the floor and shows it under light.*

S: Purple...? It's like...

L: What about the trees?

S: The trees. [There is flash of distortion on both feeds].

L: [Deliberately] Can you have a *look* at a *tree*?

S: A tree?

L: Any tree.

Adam Marks

*Subject approaches a tree slowly. There is slight distortion on both cameras.*

L: The mist is moving. Are you getting that?

C: Me?

L: Yes, you. It's...

S: It's getting worse. [Pause] I feel. [Subject stops and kneels].

*Subject gasps for breath.*

C: Shit, oh my god, we have to...

*Agent Lightfoot overrides the intercom.*

L: [Whispers sharply] Hold fire, Agent Clews.

C: But...

L: But nothing. [To Subject] Can you stand?

S: I'll, uh... hang on. [Stands facing door] I need to... [Suddenly shocked] What's that?

*There is a very loud sound and harsh video distortion for three seconds. Subject disappears. The feed then cuts out.*

### **First exploration – conclusion**

After the first exploration was concluded Agent Clews was debriefed, amnesticised and discharged back into civilian life with a cover story. The Subject was declared missing, presumed dead and a cover story developed to explain their absence. Exploration was suspended for three weeks until permission was granted for return explorations using a professional taskforce. Data from the first exploration and subsequent observations was collated and assessed both by Agent Lightfoot and superior officers at the DoM. Of particular interest (but not mentioned in the exploration transcript) was the complete lack of a GPS signal. This, and the unusual flora, suggested that the door did not open onto Earth but an exoplanet of some sort<sup>9</sup>.

Intervening investigations into the anomaly were carried out by Agents Lightfoot and Brompton, a containment specialist on secondment from the Hillingdon facility. Observations included:

- 1) January the 26<sup>th</sup>, the door was opened onto a mangrove swamp. Though the observation was almost immediately suspended, due to flooding, brief initial atmospheric data suggested familiar conditions. Small amounts of vegetable matter were washed up with the water. Analysis showed the matter was from an unknown halophytic plant.

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<sup>9</sup> There was a secondary theory, considered less likely, that the anomaly was connected in some way to the Plateau (see Report to the Senior Committee – The Plateau).

- 2) January the 30<sup>th</sup>, the door was opened onto a mountainside, above the snow line. The surroundings and atmospheric content and pressure were consistent with a young alpine range on Earth. Both agents' observations and photographic evidence suggested, though only one sun was visible, there were two light sources.
- 3) January the 31<sup>st</sup>, on opening the door, the agents found an abandoned room with partly whitewashed walls. The room was approximately fifteen metres wide, by forty metres long by three metres high. It was intersected by pillars and the windows were missing. Outside the room appeared to be a forest with green, deciduous leaves.

In each and every case the Agents did not encounter or observe any animal or humanoid life forms.

## **Second exploration**

The second exploration took place on February the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2018. Agent Brompton attended the door while Agent Lightfoot monitored from the control room. The task force consisted of Dr Bhattacharya<sup>10</sup> and Officers Hall and Pertwee<sup>11</sup>. Task force members were equipped with standard exploration equipment. Additionally each had an emergency all-purpose breathing filtration system. Officers Hall and Pertwee carried hand-held animal trapping devices<sup>12</sup> while Dr Bhattacharya was equipped with a Noumenonmeter. Specially

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10 Dr Chandra Bhattacharya, a veteran of DoM task force work. She was selected due to her previous experience charting extra-dimensional anomalies, specifically the Plateau (see Report to the Senior Committee – The Plateau).

11 Dane Hall and Justin Pertwee were Dr Bhattacharya's junior officers.

12 Specifically tranquiliser dart guns, a net harpoon and a chipping gun.

Adam Marks

adapted Reality Anchors were kept in reserve<sup>13</sup> in case the door needed to stay open beyond the usual time-frame.

## Transcript

Lightfoot: OK, we are coming online now... [Images come online one by one]. There's a lot to look at here. Agent Brompton, how's it going with you?

Agent Brompton: We're fine, I think. Guys...?

*Affirmative nods and grunts from the task force.*

AB: OK. The time is?

L: One-thirty exactly.

AB: Half one. [Unlocks the door] Here we go. [Brompton opens the door].

*There are general gasps of awe.*

Dr Bhattacharya: I really *don't* think this is the Plateau. [Pause] Let's go, boys.

*The task force steps across the threshold.*

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13 Reality Anchors were developed at the Hillingdon Facility to help contain reality-altering objects or humanoids. They consist of an iron alloy. They work (to a greater or lesser degree) on basic principle that iron is the most stable element in the periodic table. Reality Anchors have had limited but consistent success in dampening reality altering anomalies.

Adam Marks

L: What are we looking at?

DB: It looks like a strath.

L: This is a *strath*?

DB: A wide, green valley with... can you see that?

Hall: Looks like a river.

DB: You might be able to hear it...?

AB: I can hear it.

*Pause.*

L: I'm not getting it here.

H: Shall we check it out?

DB: The noumenometer is pretty stable. It's a bit cold. What about atmos?

L: Eleven degrees centigrade, barometer 979mb... composition is looking... fairly normal.

Adam Marks

DB: That's nice, shall we...?

L: Tell a lie. There's no argon.

Pertwee: Are we going to miss breathing argon?

*There is mild laughter.*

L: It seems to have been replaced by neon.

*Pause.*

DB: Well, what do you know? [Pause] Anyway, weather conditions look fine, some clouds, a bit of light cumulonimbus... [Starts walking – other two follow]. The ground underfoot is firm enough, a little giving.

*Pause.*

H: Where are we...?

P: Scotland, maybe...?

L: That's not what the GPS says.

DB: Still nothing?

Adam Marks

L: Nope.

*The task force walks in silence for approximately ninety seconds.*

DB: Can you see it now? [The river appears on camera].

L: I certainly can.

*Task force collects samples from river.*

H: The river's clear.

DB: Completely clear... crystal clear... [Holds up water sample to eye-level camera] Can you see that?

L: What am... are we getting?

DB: I don't know if you could see it. A river sample, a living river sample would be cloudy... bitty... [Lowers sample] gritty... I mean there's plant life, just no...

P: [Interrupts] Can you hear that...?

DB: Hear what...?

Adam Marks

L: What's going on? Agent Brompton...?

AB: It's looking fine, we've got another fifteen minutes on the...

P: Can you not...? Can't you hear that?

DB: OK, just, everybody... [DB Signals for people to stop].

L: Please describe what you can hear.

P: It's like a... deep sound... like a thud... a thudding.

L: Guys...?

*Pause.*

P: Can you hear it... again... there...

DB: Hang on... Yep, there it is.

L: Brompton, what about you?

AB: I can't...

L: Officer Hall.

Adam Marks

*Pause.*

DB: Who?

L: Shit! His feed's gone.

DB: Whose feed...?

### **Second exploration - conclusion**

The second exploration was immediately abandoned at Bhattacharya's insistence. The Doctor discovered a large falling spike on the noumenometer suggesting something had occurred. This document and the audio-visual recording were for a period the only ascertained documentary evidence of Officer Hall's existence (see addendum).

### **Further setbacks and developments**

Investigation into the anomaly was suspended for a fortnight and the matter referred to the Senior Committee. During that period there was a leak, documents pertaining to the anomaly along with interviews of 'eyewitnesses'<sup>14</sup> were posted on a dumping website, hosted in the Russian Federation. The documents were shared approximately seventeen thousand times via social media before an effective web-operation could counter the spread. This

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<sup>14</sup> Messers Clews, Gorman and Weir were each apprehended by DoM operatives debriefed and (in the case of Gorman and Weir) amnestised. The three gentlemen are currently on probation, having to report weekly to DoM operatives, pending the conclusion of investigations.

resulted in considerable attention, including a segment on an American media platform dedicated to propagating conspiracy theories, broadcast on February the 7th.

On February the 9<sup>th</sup> a national newspaper attempted to have the D-notice repealed. The paper was denied.

Site security was strengthened after attempted breaches by civilians on consecutive days<sup>15</sup>. Friday the 16<sup>th</sup> saw a further development. At just after seven in the morning a loud, rhythmic banging commenced, coming through the door. The sound continued for thirty-four minutes before ceasing, then resuming at 7:45am. This continued, off and on, for just over five hours before finishing, apparently, once and for all<sup>16</sup>.

On February the 19<sup>th</sup> the Senior Committee ruled that the door be removed to the Hillingdon facility by the end of the week. However, the following day Agents Lightfoot and Brompton, along with Dr Bhattacharya petitioned for a third and final exploration, themselves being the subjects.

### **Third exploration - transcript**

*Cameras come online, they show a room. It is the control room used for the previous two explorations. There are three people present, Agents Lightfoot and Brompton and Dr Bhattacharya. Agent Lightfoot picks up eye-line camera and turns it around to face her.*

Lightfoot: My name is Field Agent Lightfoot of the Department of Metaphysics. My colleague and I, Dr Bhattacharya are about to enter the, uh, Door to Nowhere as we have called it, I'm sure the case will be given a proper name later, but I expect this will be the third

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15 February the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> – the attempts were not apparently coordinated. Four individuals were apprehended, questioned and amnestised before being released.

16 Iterations varied slightly but the noise repeated approximately every two seconds at 80-85db.

Adam Marks

and final time we... [To Dr Bhattacharya] are you all right there? [Bhattacharya nods]

Anyway, it is February the 20th 2018, at [checks time] 10:17am. The anomaly is due to reset in the next few minutes. Provided there is a viable environment on the other side we will be, like I say, we will be going *into* the anomaly... [Talking in the background] pretty soon, uh...

Agent Brompton: It's looking like... see here [Brompton points to computer screen].

Lightfoot: It looks like the anomaly is online too. [To Bhattacharya] Ready...?

DB: Almost.

*L puts eye-line camera back on. Pause.*

L: For information... purposes, yes, as well as carrying standard exploration kit Bhattacharya and I, we are both equipped with noumenometers. See here [holds meter up to camera]. We are also carrying a small amount of iron alloy [Lightfoot holds up a metallic necklace to camera] provided to us by the Doctor. [Pause] It's apparently not the quantity but the proximity of stable elements that matters.

DB: It's like wearing a noumenometer, a second line of defence.

L: [Deep breath] Excellent. Let's do this.

*The trio leave the room and proceed down a corridor to where the door is situated. Lightfoot activates lock. She opens the door. There is a small gust of wind and dust particles.*

Adam Marks

L: It never fails, does it?

DB: Pardon...?

L: [After pause Lightfoot shakes head] Sorry. [Both Lightfoot and Bhattacharya put on breathing masks].

AB: OK, you're covered.

*Lightfoot and Bhattacharya step across the threshold. Inside the door is an urban landscape, swathed in dust.*

DB: [After pause] Where are we?

L: It looks like...

*Long pause.*

AB: Bond Street...

L: I... what...?

DB: Brompton is right, look [Starts walking].

Adam Marks

L: At what?

DB: [Approaches shop-front – points] Look, and over there [points again], the tube station.

L: This is too... This is *not* Bond Street. How can this be Bond Street...? [Pause] What am I saying...? [Laughs] This dust is very fine. It's like being in a cloud, only...

DB: Dusty... Agent Brompton, maybe, can you prop the door open and go get a static sheet...?

AB: OK...

L: I'll hold the door.

*Pause. Lightfoot holds the door while Brompton collects a sheet. Bhattacharya stands nearby.*

L: There's that noise again... Can you hear it?

DB: [Anxious] Oh my... [Pause] My noumenonmeter is stable; yours?

L: I think so. [Pause] Yeah. It sounds like...

AB: [Returns] Here.

Adam Marks

*Bhattacharya takes sheet, unrolls it and holds it parallel to the ground for several seconds, then at a ninety degree angle for a few more seconds. She then rolls the sheet up.*

DB: There.

*Brompton produces a set of tongs and a vacuum bag. He collects the sheet with the tongs and places it in the bag.*

DB: We need full decontamination afterwards guys. We don't know what this stuff is. [Pause – To Lightfoot] Welcome, to Not Bond Street.

L: [To Agent Brompton] Can you hear the noise?

AB: I can. It seems to be coming from over that way by Not Tottenham Court.

L: I know where we're going then.

*Bhattacharya and Lightfoot walk along road toward the source of the sound. Approximately thirty seconds pass before:*

L: Visibility...? [Looks back] I can still see the door.

DB: I reckon maybe fifty metres.

L: You still there, Brompton?

Adam Marks

AB: Loud and clear.

L: Cool. [Resumes walking] OK, well, we're going to assume we're not on GPS.

DB: Never assume [Begins walking]. [Pause] It's funny how it just hangs there in mid-air, the door I mean. Have you tried looking behind it?

L: [Also walking] No.

*Pause.*

DB: There're little pulses, gusts of wind coming up the road.

L: It's a definite sound-source.

AB: When you were... [Lightfoot and Bhattacharya are startled slightly]. Sorry, um...

DB: No worries. [Pause]

AB: When you were on the Plateau...?

DB: [Interrupts] You *know* about the Plateau?

L: Word gets around.

Adam Marks

DB: I suppose it does. [Pause] You were saying...?

AB: When you were up on the Plateau, how did it [inaudible] defend itself?

*Long pause.*

L: We read the transcripts under clearance... your report to the Senior Committee, some documents and so forth... There seems to be similarities.

DB: And you wait 'til now to bring this up?

*Pause. Bhattacharya stops and looks back. Lightfoot also stops. The door is no longer visible: distant sound continues to resonate.*

DB: [Speaks slowly] There are... similarities in these two cases [Resumes walking].

L: [Walking again] But also differences...?

DB: The Plateau is a stable feature. While entities from the Plateau may intrude on regular space the anomaly itself is non-invasive. This on the other hand... I don't...

AB: [Interrupts] Have you [inaudible]? State [inaudible] Is there [inaudible]...?

L: Not getting you clearly. Please repeat.

Adam Marks

AB: What is your current position? I've had a lot of [inaudible].

DB: Can you hear us?

AB: Yes. Where are you?

L: We're trying to find out.

AB: You've been beyond range for [inaudible] minutes. [Pause]

DB: What time is it?

AB: Just gone [inaudible] ay...

L: Did you say 'midday'?

AB: Midday? Yes. You're breaking up a bit. It's [inaudible] past noon.

DB: That's not minutes that's hours.

AB: [Inaudible] again...

DB: Can you hear us?

Adam Marks

L: My noumenometer has just showed a spike.

DB: Repeat, can you *hear* us?

*Agent Brompton says something but distortion renders words unintelligible. Bhattacharya tries again but gets no response. Pause: the distant sound continues to resonate.*

DB: [To Lightfoot] We have to go back.

L: [Shakes head] Oh no, no, no [starts walking] we're getting to the bottom.

DB: [Follows after Lightfoot] What're you doing? We have to go back.

L: This is the only way back.

DB: What do you mean...? Stop! [Lightfoot does not stop. Bhattacharya grasps Lightfoot's arm] Stop! [They stop].

L: [Angry] Get off me! [Shrugs off Bhattacharya's grasp].

*Pause: a momentary stand-off.*

DB: [Calm] We have to go back. It's not safe.

Adam Marks

L: None of this is safe. There's no such thing as 'safe'. [Pause] I am leader of this exploration.

DB: It...

L: [With suppressed anger] This is *my* case.

DB: [Still calm] I understand that but we are in unknown territory and do not have line of sight with our base.

L: [Points] We're just down the road from our 'base'. This is the last exploration. It wouldn't even *be* the last expedition if...! [Pause] This is... this is too much of an opportunity.

DB: Or a coincidence. [Pause] What are you even going to...?

L: [Interrupts] What do you mean 'coincidence...'?

DB: The last mission through a shifting portal to... who knows, an extra-dimensional realm or multiverse... [shrugs] and it just so happens to put us in a simulacrum of the immediate environment that the portal was found in. [Pause – Lightfoot does not respond] Maybe there's an intelligence, a sapience behind this anomaly. [Pause] The Plateau *was* able to defend itself.

L: If some fucker is messing us around I'm going to have words with them. [Strides off] You can come too. [Lightfoot starts receding into the fog] That's if you want to. [Bhattacharya follows].

Adam Marks

*There is approximately two minutes of silence until:*

DB: You can see...

L: Hmm...?

DB: Inside the shops [points] there's still some shelves and stock. It's not a wreck or anything... or rubbish.

L: You said it.

DB: Said what?

L: It's a simulation.

DB: Ah, a simulacrum.

L: An impersonation of Central London but... covered in dust. It shouldn't be far now [Looks at Oxford Circus underground sign].

*Pause. The distant sound continues to resonate but getting close.*

DB: It's getting dark.

Adam Marks

L: The further we get along here the darker it gets. [Pause] I think it's coming from the top of that.

DB: Centre Point?

L: It's darker but... [Pause: they both stop] I can see the dust in like... pulses... in the air.

DB: [Repeats] Pulses... in the air.

*The duo stands silently for almost two minutes. Image feed continues to grow darker.*

L: I can't see anything.

DB: Here [pause – Bhattacharya produces a torch light – turns it on].

L: OK [Lightfoot does the same]. Let's... keep going.

*The pair walks silently for another three minutes. The sound develops into a distinct, low boom. Each boom now produces a visible and audible pulse of dust. They reach what looks like a building-site partition.*

DB: Is this it...? [Pause] It looks like we're here.

*There is a small amount of static on the visual feed. The pair reappears walking across a patch of open ground. The booming noise is very prominent.*

Adam Marks

L: Getting thicker...

DB: Noumen... [inaudible] peak... gone missing [inaudible].

L: There it is. [Reaches a door and opens it] Get inside, quick.

*The pair goes inside. There is no light except for their torch beams. They walk down a hallway. Approximately thirty seconds lapse.*

L: Stairs.

*They head down the stairs.*

DB: What do we do when...?

L: [Sharply] Shh...! [Pause] Light off... [Lightfoot turns her torch off – whispers sharply] Turn your light off [Bhattacharya turns torch off].

DB: [Whispers] There's...

L: [Also whispering] Someone down there. Come on, quietly.

*The duo travel downstairs as quietly as they can. They reach a lower floor. Go through a doorway leading to a hall. There are three men talking to each other at the end of the hall.*

L: You!

*The Men look at Lightfoot and Bhattacharya. One of the men is Agent Brompton.*

### **Third exploration – conclusion**

Dr Bhattacharya and Agent Lightfoot reemerged into reality by unknown means at around 9:37pm, on the 20<sup>th</sup> of February, having been missing for almost twelve hours. They were placed under medical and psychological observation at a unit in the Royal Free Hospital for one week. Following debrief they were released from hospital and returned to other assignments, reporting periodically to agents representing the Senior Committee<sup>17</sup>. On February the 22<sup>nd</sup> the door was removed and taken to the Hillingdon Facility.

### **Addendum**

On March the 23<sup>rd</sup> 2018 an unmarked audio/visual file was discovered in the Department of Metaphysics database: source unknown. It held information that, if verified, could prove crucial to the case.

*Someone is wading through knee-high grass.*

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<sup>17</sup> Agent Lightfoot was also reprimanded for failing to pursue the line of enquiry as to who installed the door and how.

Adam Marks

Voice [Male-sounding]: [Shouting] Hey! [Pause] Hey! [Quietly] Fuck... [Camera pans around scene quickly] Oh... [Shouting again] Hey!

*Person continues walking.*

Voice: [Specifically into microphone] Is anyone...? Can anyone hear me? [Pause] Officer Dane Hall of... fuck it...!

*Person detaches microphone, eye-line and body cameras, throwing them to the floor. There is silence and shot of grass and mud for approximately ten minutes, punctuated by occasional sounds from the Voice.*

Voice: OK. [Picks up microphone] Hello...? This channel is open but no one is responding. Hello...? If you can... hear me... if...? [Picks up camera] Now you can see me. This is Dane Hall from the, Officer Dane Hall of the Department of Metaphysics. I was... I *am* part of Mu-6 Task Force, exploring a recently discovered spatial anomaly. Both my colleagues, Dr Bhattacharya and Officer Pertwee have disappeared along with... along with the portal used to access... [Looks around] whatever this is. [Looks at camera] I've got about... normally it's around seventy-two hours of battery power. As per... [shakes head] OK, going by the book. I don't know where I am or where [sighs] Justin or Chandra or *anyone* is. I will survey the area until I can work out where I am. I'm turning off for now [turns camera and microphone off].

*Footage resumes: Officer Hall in walking through grass and bushland.*

Adam Marks

Hall: I'm back. I've been walking for about an hour or so. The conditions are clear. It's getting a bit cool now, in fact I don't know how [quick glance at the sky] much daylight is left... less than... less than I would have expected. [Pause] I filled up with water at the river. I checked my pockets. I had a chocolate grain bar. [Pause] I hope... I hope you find me soon. There's nothing out here, I mean, there's plants but no animals [pause] even, like, flowers but no insects. It's all very quiet. [Footage ends there].

*Footage resumes: Officer Hall speaks into a camera.*

Hall: It's almost dusk. It feels like its' way too early but that's the conditions here. It's been maybe three hours since I set off, bearing east-southeast [holds up compass]. I'd forgotten to keep track for a while, [Officer Hall Smiles ruefully] so much for basic training... I went through what seemed like farmland for a while. There were no lanes though... [Pause] and no farmers. [Pause] There *were* hedgerows. [Pause] The crops, whatever they were, the Dr would know but... they looked fairly wild. [Pause] I'm in this copse now, sitting [pans camera up] at the foot of this tree. I feel, somehow, like it'd be better off up in the branches. [Footage ends].

*Footage resumes. Officer Hall is walking at night using a flashlight.*

Hall: [Short of breath] I had to leave... leave that place [Static interference]. Something... very odd... A queer [inaudible] odour and... [inaudible due to static] something was moving. Keep away: must... [static] keep away. [Footage ends here].

*Footage resumes. It is now daylight.*

Adam Marks

Hall: [To camera] I found a road last night and started walking along it. It turned out it was headed north-east... more or less. I don't know why I didn't find one earlier but I also... [Officer Hall falters] don't know why that... I don't know... [Pause] I'm tired... also...

*Long pause. Hall then turns camera around. Shot of southern horizon: there is a huge grey-purple plume in the distance across low lying hills.*

Hall: That's what passed over last night. [Pause – turns camera back] Also... [Pause] I kept hearing this [makes low, rhythmical sucking sound]. I don't know... [Looks away – whimpers slightly] I think I know what I'm going to find next. [Footage ends].

*Footage resumes; a picture of a dead body wearing a DoM standard hazmat suit.*

Hall: I was right.

*Shot lingers across body for a moment before wheeling away.*

Hall: I'm going to be sick. [Footage ends].

*Footage resumes: shot follows empty road. There is the outline of buildings in the distance in a nook between two hills.*

Hall: [Elated] I've found a town. I've found something that... maybe...

Adam Marks

*Footage continues for twenty-two minutes as Officer Hall approaches the town. No people or vehicles approach. There are occasional interjections from Hall.*

Hall: [Walking around town] Nothing... [Pause] absolutely nothing. I can't even find a fucking name! [Footage ends]

*Footage resumes. Officer Hall is inside an unknown building.*

Hall: [Slight flicker of static – to camera] I've found nothing, nothing. I've broken into about, I don't know, two dozen buildings. This town has been abandoned, wherever it is... whatever it's called. I've found this though. [Holds up a piece of paper] Someone forgot to collect their bills. [Flicker of static] I don't know if you can... [chokes back a gulp] if you can see this. I don't know where I am. The date [points to date of letter]: 2023. I'm in the future. The door is a portal to [shakes head] the future, *a* future... maybe, I don't know. I'm stuck. Unless you guys can figure something out I'm stuck. I need to... Mum... [flickers] Dad... I love you both and... [Footage ends].

*Footage resumes: a shot from a window looking out onto a hill.*

Hall: I can hear something [static flickering].

*There is a low, booming rhythmical sound. A purple-grey cloud appears over the brow of the hill. Footage ends.*

**FAO Senior Committee**

Adam Marks

Given the spatio-temporal implications a status upgrade for #0092323A is urgently required, Invasive, possibly Severe Threat, to allow for appropriate action to be taken.